

enormously thick, her eyes flashed, and turning round, she fled down the lane, pursued by the dog, who never so much as looked at the mouse, who thus unexpectedly found herself once more free. Tremblingly she crept under a bush, until she could recover composure of mind. "How strange things are in this world," thought she. "I thought Mrs. Grey-fur was so kind when she offered to protect me along the lane, yet the dog has saved me from being devoured by a pretended friend. How difficult it is to know when folks are sincere or not. Perhaps mother knew best after all!"

It was nearly dark when the little mouse arrived at home. Well, it was but a shabby home after all; yet, how sweet seemed the shelter of the dear old nest to the trembling little mouse after this her first experience of the outside world. "Oh, dear mother," she cried, in the thankfulness of her heart, "you may be old-fashioned, but you are loving-hearted and true; you will never deceive me. Oh, never again will I scorn your advice, or try to find among cold-hearted strangers that tender love and sympathy which in all its sweetness is only to be found in 'Home, sweet Home!'"

About Sparrows.

In the overhanging eaves at the back of the house many birds build their nests, no doubt finding it a convenient place for shelter and food, as the kitchen faces that way, and little tit-bits, crumbs of pudding, scraps of meat, etc., may be had for the taking.

My bird friends that chiefly inhabit our eaves are starlings and sparrows, and what noise the former make, no one, who has not (as I have) a bedroom close under the roof, can tell.

One sunny day in July a sparrow fell from its nest on to the kitchen window-sill: it was quite a young bird and could hardly fly. It was picked up and brought indoors, for it seemed a little stunned. However it soon recovered itself, and perched on the cook's finger, or strutted up and down the table, not showing the least sign of fear, so that when the maid brought me my tea, she brought me also the little sparrow "to keep you company, ma'am," she said.

And so it did, for all the time I was eating the bird sat on the palm of my hand watching me with its head on one side, every now and then making a little "cheep" in an inquiring way, as if it were asking me what I was doing.

I dipped my finger in the tea and gave it to him to suck, which he did eagerly, and reminded me by gently pecking that he would like a little more.

Close to the house was an old dog-kennel which had last been used for the kittens to sleep in at night, and a little wire door had been fastened over the entrance to keep pussies in. Here the bird was placed, and the mother and father heard its loud "cheep, cheep" and came to feed it. They took refuge in a mountain ash very close to the kennel, and one or other would fly down, first taking care that there were no dogs, cats, or human beings about: then, holding to the wires with its claws, would push the food into the little pink throat wide open to receive it, while the tiny bird's wings fluttered with excitement.

I noticed that the mother bird did not give the little one all at once what she had in her beak, but laid some on the ledge of the kennel, and so doled it out by degrees. Insects, crumbs,

or bits of vegetables seemed to be alike favorably received.

The little sparrow appeared to have a very large appetite to judge from the many times the parents flew backwards and forwards, each time with some food for their child. I watched them during a quarter of an hour, and yet at the end of that time their greedy infant still sent forth piteous "cheeps," begging for more.

Do Animals Understand Speech?

We have a black cat, a great mouser; before putting her to bed we always give her a saucer of milk. The other night I called her in from the garden, where she was keenly watching for a mouse from a hole in some outbuildings (where I believe quite a colony of mice live), to have her usual saucer of milk. Topsy was at first undecided what to do, but the attraction in the house proved greater. Having drunk it up, Topsy thought she would like to go out of doors again, but we always make it a rule never to allow our cats to stay out all night, so I said, "No, Topsy, you must go to bed." I then took her to the top of the kitchen stairs, but she thought it much too bad, and tried hard to squeeze between myself and the door, which was partly closed; suddenly, in this emergency, I thought the kitchen window might possibly be opened, so I called out to our servant, asking her if it were shut. I often wonder whether dear old Topsy heard and understood what I said. It really seemed so, for, ceasing to try to get out of the kitchen door, she flew down-stairs and rushed to the window, which, fortunately, was closed.

The Atheist's Prayer.

When I was a boy away in the mountains of Pennsylvania, I knew an old infidel who was eager to argue against the existence of a God. That is what infidelity hates, the existence of a God. A young preacher, against the warning of the friends as to his abuses and his obscenities, resolved to see that blatant scoffer, and confront him with the truth of God.

The sceptic was soon vociferating against the idea of there being a God. He was sitting in his saw-mill, just over the lever that lifts as the saw leaves the log, and while denouncing the doctrine of a Deity, that lever sprang, catching him under the heels, and flung him backward and downward, headlong into the stream!



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As he plunged, however, he shrieked out as loud as he could, "God have mercy!"

The preacher ran around, waded in to the water, and drew the struggling man ashore. Said the pastor,—

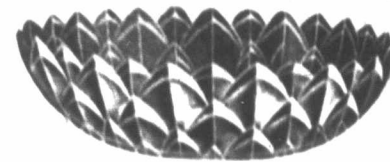
"I thought that you did not believe in a God?"

As soon as the infidel stopped struggling, he said in a subdued voice,—

"Well, if there is no God, there ought to be, to help a man when he can't help himself."

Something Worth Reading.

During the show week here in Doncaster, I saw the following incident:—A boy about fourteen years of age, on the road opposite my cottage, was walking slowly, with his donkey, without saddle or bridle, following him a few yards behind. Some mischievous boys on the bank above them threw something (probably grass and stones) at the donkey, startling it. The boy turned to his four-footed friend, threw



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Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. TUESDAY, JUNE 7th, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board. S. C. WOOD, Manager.

Toronto, April 30, 1892.

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his arms round his neck, kissed, soothed, and patted him, and then quietly went on his way as before. I think the boy must have belonged to a Band.

A Gentleman.

Let no boy think that he can be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house that he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one or all of these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.